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Andrew Price, Editor

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Under the Greenwood Tree.

"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come
hither;
Here shall we see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather."
—Shakespeare.

County Sketches.

The Decent Politician.

Reverend Ferdinand Duval was not by nature a politician. An only son of his mother, who was a widow, he had been kept unspotted from the world. He had been educated first in a girl's school and afterwards in a theological institution, and he left that quiet, restful haven to do battle for the church in a shut-in county in the mountains. He was among big, strong, thoughtful men who listened to the sermons he chipped forth every Sunday, and spoke well of him for it was a part of their religion to never find fault with anything religious. Duval preached about lying, stealing, profanity, deceit, and wickedness generally, but he did not realize what such things were. This was the first experience he had had mixing with his fellows, and as a minister he was surrounded with an air of sanctity that put men on their guard when near him. It was understood that when the preacher or strange women were present, men were to be very careful what they said, and the answers as a rule were very uncomfortable and escaped as soon as possible.

One day in winter Duval came up with Tom Cameron who was driving a four-mule team and a load of lumber, just as a wheel broke through the frozen crust and sank in the mud underneath. Tom turned, saw the condition, and remarked, "I'll be—" He brought himself up with as sudden a jerk as the wagon had experienced as he caught sight of the preacher. Duval got down and said he'd push and Tom cracked his whip and spoke to his mules. The animals swayed forward a few times in a half-hearted way, but the wagon was stuck hard and fast, and the effort was fruitless. Then Tom said he thought if the preacher would ride on he would get out all right; he hated to bother him anyway. But no! the preacher would not hear to it. Tom insisted, but the preacher remained. The wagon settled another inch at an ineffectual haul, and Tom in desperation said:

"Well, here goes! I ast ye to leave and ye wouldn't. These mules has got to be cussed out of this mud-hole!" And Duval said he heard the most shocking language he had ever heard in his life. Language that rang in his head and was repeated in his dreams. Language that seemed to pollute the air. And as he was about to remonstrate, he was horrified to hear the driver say to him: "Git out of this! I can't cuss proper with a preacher around. Go on. I'm in trouble and my team'll be spoilt. Git on down the road," and Duval left. At the bend of the road some half a mile farther he turned in his saddle to see the mules by one supreme effort lift the load out of the mud and come jogging along, while the driver wiped the sweat from his face with a red bandanna.

This was an exceptional case. As a rule respect for the cloth caused men to be on their good behavior in his presence, and it is doubtful if he really knew the roughness that is bound up in the ordinary strong worldly man.

The year of the general election came around and Rev Duval took a hand in politics. In this he was influenced by the speech of a word weaving statesman who made an impassioned appeal to a semi-religious gathering to be more active in politics and cease to allow the low and vicious to control the elections. The great statesman could not see how the calling of a bartender naturally fitted him for shaping the course of the government, while thoughtful, educated

ministers belonged to a profession the natural tendency of which was to cause him to hold aloof from political contests.

Then too his landlord had an unbounded belief in the wickedness of others. They would sit for hours on the shady side of the village hotel, and the landlord filled him full of beliefs and surmises about the the whiskey ring, which bade fair to carry the day before them at the nominating convention.

The nominations were to be made at the court-house on the first day of July Court. A short time before Duval read a beautiful story in the Gospel Truth how a young preacher with broad shoulders, clear cut features and flashing eyes had gone into a convention and protested against the nomination of an infidel, and how the people flocked around him and defeated the infidel, who soon filled a drunkard's grave.

So when all is considered, especially that all things are possible in very young men, it is not to be wondered at that when the court-house was packed and jammed with delegates to the convention, that the Rev Ferdinand Duval should ask the privilege to address the assembly, and it being granted should denounce the whiskey ring in his best oratory.

He had not gone far when the favorite for Sheriff inquired with some heat if his remarks in any way applied to him. Duval said they did, but he said it in a trembling kind of way, and not with the bold front he had prepared for the occasion. The candidate then inquired if by "whiskey ring" he meant that he favored granting license for his sale. Duval said: "Not necessarily so, but you drink whiskey—deny it if you can!"

The sheriff to be then said he did take a drink occasionally in a quiet way, and that he would admit the charge, but he defied any preacher, in place or out of place, to say that he was stingy with his liquor, whereupon the crowd cheered, and later in the day duly elected him sheriff.

Duval proceeded for a few minutes without interruption, when he made a remark that the reputation of the county was that no man could be elected to office unless he gave away enough whiskey to swim a horse.

"That's a dom lie!" came in loud voice from a big Irishman who had been elected constable, and was proud of the office.

The young preacher started at that rough challenge. He exclaimed: "I can bear insult in a good cause. Let none of my friends notice it. I see some of my church members here. I charge them to remain calm and not to resent it."

"Go on, Mr Duval," said the Chairman. "I do not see any special danger of your friends raising a racket."

"I know how to turn the other cheek," said the preacher in proud humility.

"You've turned to cheek, you mean," shouted an irreverent boy, and the poor witticism was rewarded with howls of laughter.

After this the preacher spoke with effort, for he knew he was addressing an unsympathetic audience, and when he concluded he stepped down from the rostrum and wedged himself into the standing mass of humanity.

He felt that he had made a miserable failure, and unlike the stalwart preacher in the story in Gospel Truth, he saw no approval in the faces of those to whom he had been speaking. But it had had more effect on the men he had talked against than he thought, and they played a dirty trick on him.

On convention days men think and act quickly. A man in the convention who was interested in the campaign owing to a secret deal with the aforementioned candidate for Sheriff by which he was to be appointed a deputy in the event of his election, arose to speak. He had a ready tongue and he complimented the reverend

gentleman who had preceded him on the strength of his argument. He hinted, however, that this was a part of a scheme to down some of the boys who could either drink it or let it alone, and if he had thought that Preacher Duval had come there in the right spirit he would not have opened his mouth to reply to him.

But what he had seen with his own eyes he could believe. Behind the court-house immediately before the convention met he had seen Preacher Duval turn up to his mouth a pint bottle of amber fluid which he thought to be whiskey. It might be whiskey or it might not. That bottle, if he was not mistaken, was reposing in the coat-tail pocket of the minister.

"It's false!" shouted Duval in fury. "I never touch the accursed, soul-destroying stuff!"

Then springing to the judge's stand he demanded that his pockets be searched.

"You have removed it," shouted the deputy-to-be.

"It was never there," replied he with warmth.

Lifting the skirt of the ministerial coat at the request of the owner, the chairman of the convention searched the pocket and found a pint flask half full of a red liquid. Tasting it with a judicial air, he seemed doubtful until he had taken several sips and then with considerable gravity he said: "Gentlemen, the chair pronounces it to be corn whiskey, from two to three weeks old. You will now come to order and the business of the meeting will proceed."

Duval was crushed. He left the court-room and in a few days disappeared from the county and afterwards became a missionary to Africa.

Of the campaign expenses of the successful Sheriff was five dollars paid to the man who slipped the bottle into the tail pockets of the minister in the confusion of the throng.

Steamships and Locomotives.

It may interest our readers to hear that steamships and locomotives are so plainly implied in some Bible prophecies that to omit them is to render their significance of little or no practical use, comparatively.

One instance in Isaiah xviii. 2, where ambassadors are spoken of as being sent by sea in vessels of bulrushes to whom it is said, Go ye swift messengers, &c.

The Hebrew words for "vessels of bulrushes" are *pelei goma*, the literal meaning of which is "vessels that drink water," or "vessels the drinkers." Nothing suits the significance of such words so well as the steamship, whose food, drink, nutriment, propulsive power, motive force from first to last is water.

We find the locomotive in Isaiah lxvi. 20, where the gentiles are to bring the Jews "for an offering unto the Lord out of all nations upon horses and in chariots and in litters and upon mules and upon swift beasts, to my holy mountain Jerusalem saith the Lord." The Hebrew word translated "swift beasts" is *kirkaroth* from the singular number *karkar*. Our English word "carriage" is evidently derived from *karkar*.

Arabian lexicographers, Kamuz and Richardson, translate the Bible word *kirkaroth* by Arabic terms meaning "machines turning round with the swiftness of the clouds." The Osbeks in Bokhara and the Turcomans call their swift carts "karkaroth."

The very word in Hebrew, Arabic, and Turcomanish evidently is an imitation of the sound made by the turning of wheels—*kirkaroth*. *Karkar* is so nearly allied to *car*, *carry*, and *curro*, all probably derived from the sound emitted by hard objects rattling and rolling on a hard plane, and best exhibited by the revolving wheels of steamers and locomotives. To omit a prophetic hint to that which is most likely to be the chief means of transport in any large migration of a nation, would not be consistent with the scope of texts laboring to describe the multiplicity of conveyances which in the last times would be employed to carry Israel to the Holy Land.

—W. T. P.

APICULTURAL NOTES.

By T. C. WARE.

Differences in Colonies, &c. Why Some Gather More Honey Than Others, and How to Make Them Equalize the Amount of Honey Stored.

I have noticed for some years back that of many colonies in the spring which were exactly alike, as nearly as I could discover, some colonies would yield an excellent surplus, while others would give very little or none at all. Why is this?

Here is a question which has bothered me greatly, for I was formerly troubled in the same way; but of late years I have succeeded in making the most of my colonies which were working for honey, produce nearly like results. That is, if one colony contains 40,000 bees and produces 100 pounds of honey, I obtain about that amount from every colony containing that number of bees; while one having 20,000 bees gives a yield of 45 lbs., for a small colony will not give quite as large a yield in proportion to its numbers as a large one.

After carefully studying the matter I found that colonies which I pronounced exactly alike on May 1st, would not be so at the time the honey harvest was at its best. The trouble was I did not have a thorough knowledge regarding the working force of my bees, at all times, nor of the interior conditions of the hive. For instance, the colony which I called the best on May 1st might become the worst by July 1st, at which time the honey harvest is due.

This might be owing to either of two causes, one of which would be the failing of their queen, and the other that the colony would reach its strength some time previous to the time of which conditions is sure to lessen the yield.

I have often noticed that a colony that which winters extremely well and goes to breeding rapidly in early spring is generally sure to produce less honey than the colony that begins to breed rapidly from forty to fifty days previous to the honey harvest. The reason seems to be that the queen in a colony that breeds rapidly very early ceases her prolificness to a great extent by June 5th to June 10th, thus allowing the bees to put the first honey coming in into the brood combs, not forcing it into the sections as does the queen which arrives at her maximum egg production at this time. If this is not the case the colony becomes demoralized by becoming too strong at this time, and goes to loafing, or, what is worse, contract the swarming mania, either of which is against a large yield of honey.

If the bees become over anxious to swarm, or the queen ceases to be prolific, so that the bees get the start of her and store honey to any great extent in the brood chamber during the first of the honey harvest, that colony will be an unprofitable one. The remedy is to keep the queen on only a few combs early in the season, or take away a part of her brood to strengthen other colonies, until the right time has come when her extra powers will raise bees that will come at the right time. Then coax her to do her level best and you will succeed. At this time give all the combs the hive will contain and let the queen spread herself to her capacity, then the colony will reach its strongest point just when the harvest is on and thus lend every energy to storing in the section, rather than crowding the queen or loafing around.

Again, giving the colony much surplus room to start with has a tendency to make the colony unprofitable, one which has not a force of bees large enough to occupy the whole of the surplus apartment at once. They seem to become discouraged, and instead of taking possession of a part of it they will often cluster on the outside and crowd the brood out with honey, never entering the sections at all.

I usually give section room, or room in the surplus apartment to the amount of 28 pounds, and part of this space has combs in it left over from the previous season, thereby coaxing the bees into the sections with their first loads of honey. In a week or so more room is given, and so I continue to give surplus room as needed. In this way a good yield is obtained from all the colonies, if the season is so any colony can give a good yield.

It is the attending to the little items in bee culture that gives success.

Valley Head, W. Va.

NOTES ON THE MINGO RACES.

"Did ye see that there advertisement about them Races?" jerked out Muddled Mike, as he sat gapping in the Soft-Drink Saloon. "Yes!" replied the "Pokey Man," as he tossed off a tankard of ginger ale. So, kissing his wife a fond farewell, the "Pokey Man" took his staff in hand and proceeded to tramp over the mountains to attend this classical race-meeting. Armed with a Winchester rifle, and with a bowie-knife in his belt, the "P. M." braved the perils of Elk, escaped being hanged by a bear, or robbed by brigands, and reached the rustic security of Linwood, where the Volunteers cheered him to the echo.

The "P. M." bethought himself to get a few choice tips for the races, so determined to make a short tour of the Training Stables. Squire Tuke's mansion-house first caught his eagle-eye. The Squire was engaged rubbing down a fine sorrel horse. "Sultan is his name, bred by that champion farmer, Elihu Ward," said the owner. Oscar Miles was giving a smart gallop to a strong bay horse, Agent, on which Miles has per- recent polo matches. Mrs. L. Tuke was stroking a bay mare, Countess, in the paddock. She was bought for a mere song by General Davy (of the Royal Horse Marines) from a mill-boy. Just here Mrs. Pearson, the worthy house-keeper, rushed out crying: "Hi! Mr Pokey Man! look at Maid o' Mingo! Ain't she a peach?" The little sorrel mare, owned by Charley Bruce, certainly had the bloom of a peach and looked all over like putting up a good fight for the Colonial Cup.

Half a mile up - grade walk brought our hero to "The Hermitage," where he indulged in a delicious cup of cocoa with "Massa" Dakers, who gave him a peep at the far-famed grey mule, Rock of Gibraltar. "I tell you he'll win the mule race, if he does n't get the studs!" were out and come again Outhbert's words.

Proceeding on the rocky way, the "arretted battlements of Askham's fair walls" soon fell on the delighted gaze of the P. M. Having arrived on the hill and rung the bell, "Ostler Joe" appeared on the scene, and, politely touching his cap, led the way to the stables, where stood a fine black charger, Dandy, which the "Boss" (being a born and bred "Yorkshireman," whose strongest characteristic is an ardent admiration of horse-flesh) intends to run. Sir James Hebdon, believing that only the best is good enough, had eabled for Tod Sloan to return from England to ride his favorite, if T. S. is not engaged riding races for the Prince of Wales.

Further conversation was interrupted by a fearful noise like an earthquake. "Oh, do n't be alarmed," soothingly replied Joey, "that's only Saint Patrick the mule, cooling his heels against the sides of his box-stall." The P. M. [having a wife and family and two dogs to support] fled down the hill and as he careered over the division line between Pocahontas and Randolph counties, could hear the distant peals of laughter from Billy Ayers, who dearly loves a joke.

Bushwhacker Barracks was the next halt. After a cup o' tea and a slice o' cake with the mess Sergeant, the P. M. sallied out to the barn, where all was neatness and order, as befits a training stable. "You bet!" said the stable-boy

as he chewed up an apple, "a race is won in the stable as well as on the track. You've got to feed a horse good and regular, if ye want ter get the best work out of him."

In a commodious box stood a rich bay mare, Cracker, owned by Lady Hebdon, and being trained by the "Bushwhacker" on account of the superior spring water at his place. "She's a bit easy-minded," said the admiring trainer, "but gallops close to the ground and slips along like a fox. She'll fool some of the know-alls!"

The head jockey, Clarence, was giving a pretty sorrel mare a sweet gallop round a meadow. "That's a Scrumptious Soosie-Toosie! Queer name, ain't it? But horsemen have funny fancies, don'tcherknow! She can gallop a distance as long as her name! I've given her a sweating gallop and a shampoo. Rare receipts for a shining coat."

A whinny from the next stall proclaimed the presence of a strong-made bay colt, Cuba. "That's a game little nag!" said gallant Clarence, "he'll never say Die! Always does his level best. Wish I had twenty just like him. They'd sell like hot cakes on a Marlinton Court-day!"

The P. M. was next given at the veteran mule, Old Bob, who looks as young as ever.

Saying "au revoir" to the Bushwhacker, the P. M. jumped on an active pony and took a five-mile ride to Mr Cecil Tuke's sylvan abode. After a cocktail with the genial host, who was to act the role of starter, the P. M. made a bee-line for Mingo. On a nail-keg in Sam Wood's Store sat the Sage, John Caplinger, who volubly discussed the coming sport.

"They do say!" uttered the Sage as he offered the P. M. a chew of tobacco, "as how Sammy Varner runs over a couple of mountains fast, so as to get into hard training to ride his horse, Artaxerxes, in the Sorub Race; and as how Vandervert is taking these 'ere Turkish Baths, to melt his solid weight so as he can ride his grey colt in the West Virchuckie Jubilee Stakes! There's two red-hot sprints down at Valley Head, Loyd Swacker and Diver's Simmons, who are going to bring up Kentucky thoroughbreds and clean up everything in sight! I reckon they'd better see Piatt Marshall first, for he's got something extra good up his sleeve. Pat Gay has an imported zebra, which he intends to win the mule race with—bejabbers!"

Engaging a suite of rooms at Hez Marshall's Hotel, the P. M. awaited the eventful Race Day, and what a grand day it was! Everybody who had a girl fetched em along, and the grand-stand was full to overflowing. Charlie Showalter, the renowned caterer, did a roaring trade in his refreshment booth. Watermelons, bananas, and lemonade disappeared as though by magic!

The Colonial Cup was an easy victory for C. Bruce's Maid o' Mingo, well ridden by L. Tuke. The most exciting race was the "dead-heat" between Mrs Hebdon's Cracker and Mrs L. Tuke's Countess; but, on a second trial, the former showed superior staying powers. Oswald Miles delighted the sporting men with his determined style of riding, winning a race or two just on the post, when an inferior jockey would have given up hope.

Diver's Simmons Daisy won the Jubilee Stakes, with P. Marshall's Jolly Jim a good second. Pat Gay carried home his packet of peanuts pleased as Punch, having won the mule-race on Elk Elephant.

There were no accidents, ructions, or free-fights, and every thing passed off most successfully.

THE HOKY-POKEY MAN.

In a Different Light.

"That girl ran away and married her father's coachman."

"Oh, no; they have an automobile, and he was their electrician!"

—N. Y. Sun.

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